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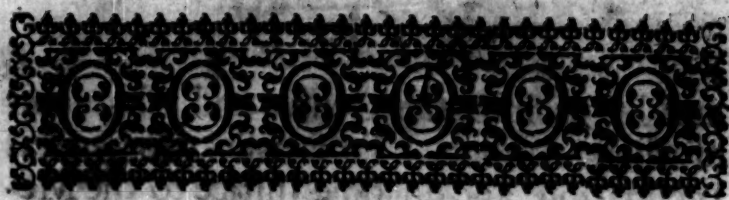
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THE
LIFE
AND
CHARACTER
OF
Mr. JOHN PHILIPS.

AFTER we have read the Works of a Poet with Pleasure, and reflected upon them with Improvement, we are naturally apt to enquire into his Life, the manner of his Education, and other little Circumstances which give a new Beauty to his Writings, and

and let us into the Genius and Character of their Author. To satisfy this general Inclination, and do some Justice to the Memory of Mr. PHILIPS, we shall give the World a short Account of him; and his Few, but Excellent Compositions. Sufficient they were, tho' few, to his Fame, but not to our Wishes.

He was the Son of Dr. STEPHEN PHILIPS, Arch-Deacon of *Salop*, born at *Bampton* in *Oxfordshire*, *December* the 30th, *Anno* 1676. After he was well grounded in Grammar Learning, he was sent to *Winchester* School, where he made himself Master of the *Latin* and *Greek* Languages, and was soon distinguish'd for a happy Imitation of the Excellencies; which he discover'd in the best *Classical* Authors.

With this Foundation of good Learning, and very early Promises of a farther Improvement in all useful Studies, he was remov'd to *Christ Church* in *Oxford*. From his first Entrance into that University he was very much esteem'd for the Simplicity of his Manners, the Agreeableness of his Conversation, and the uncommon Delicacy of his Genius. All his University

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS.

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ty Exercises were receiv'd with Applause, and in that Place so famous for good Sense, and a true Spirit, he in a short time grew to be Superiour to most of his Contemporaries, where to have been their Equal only, had been a sufficient Praise: There it was that following the natural Bent of his Genius, beside other valuable Authors, he became acquainted with MILTON, whom he studied with Application, and trac'd him in all his successful Translations from the Ancients. There was not an Allusion in his *Poem* *, drawn from the Thoughts, or Expressions of HOMER or VIRGIL, which he could not immediately refer to, and by that, He perceiv'd what a peculiar Life, and Grace their Sentiments added to *English* Poetry; how much their Images rais'd its Spirit, and what Weight, and Beauty their Words when translated gave to its Language. Nor was he less curious in observing the Force, and Elegancy of his Mother Tongue, but by the Example of his darling MILTON search'd backwards into the Works of our old *English* Poets, to furnish himself with proper, sounding, and significant Expres-

* *Paradise lost.*

sions,

fions, and prove the due Extent, and Compass of the Language. For this purpose he carefully read over CHAUCER, SPENCER and others, and afterwards in his Writings did not scruple to revive any Words, or Phrases, which he thought deserv'd it, with that modest Liberty which HORACE allows of, either in the Coining of new, or restoring of ancient Expressions. Yet tho' he was a profess Admirer of these Authors, it was not from any View of appearing in publick, for such was his Modesty, that he was the only Person who did not think himself qualified for it; He read for his own Pleasure, and Writing was the only thing he declin'd, wherein he was capable of pleasing others. Nor was he so in Love with Poetry, as to neglect any other Parts of good Literature, which either their Usefulness, or his own Genius excited him to pursue. He was very well vers'd in the whole Compass of Natural Philosophy, and seem'd in his Studies as well as his Writings to have made VIRGIL his Pattern, and often to have broke out with him into the following rapturous Wish *,

* Georg. lib. 2.

*Fossils, and Minerals, that th' embowell'd
 (Earth
 Displays, if by his Industry he can
 Benefit Human Race:—*

And we have good Reason to believe that much might have been attain'd to, many new Discoveries made by so diligent an Enquirer, and so faithful a Recorder of Physical Operations. However tho' Death prevented our Hopes in that respect, yet the admirable Passages of that kind which we find in his Poem on CYDER, may convince us of the Niceness of his Observations in Natural Causes; Beside this he was particularly skill'd in all manner of Antiquities, especially those of his own Country, and part of this too, he has with much Art and Beauty intermix'd with his Poetry.

As to his private Character, he was belov'd by all that knew him, and admir'd by those who did not, somewhat reserv'd, and silent among Strangers, but free, familiar, and easie with his Friends; The first was the Effect of his Modesty, the latter, of his cheerful Innocence; the
 one

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS: 7

one was the proper Caution of a wise Man; the other, the good Humour of a Friend. He was averse to contentious Disputes, and thought no time so ill spent, and no Wit so ill us'd, as that which was employ'd in such Debates; Thus he never contributed to the Uneasiness of his Company, but often to their Instruction, always to their Pleasure. As on the one hand he declin'd all Strokes of *Satire*, so on the other, he detested Flattery as much, and I believe would rather have been contented with the Character of a dull Man, than that of a witty, or servile one, at the Expence of his Humanity, or Sincerity. This Sincerity indeed was his distinguishing Character, and made him as dear to all good Men, as his Wit and Learning did to all Favourers of true Sense, and Letters.

Upon all these Accounts during his Stay in the University, he was honour'd with the Acquaintance of the best and politest Men in it, many of whom who now make considerable Figures, both in the State, and in the Republick of Learning, would think it no Disgrace to have their Names mention'd as Mr. PHILIPS's Friends. And here we must not omit that particular Friendship which he contracted

with Mr. EDMUND SMITH, Author of that incomparable Tragedy of *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*, and who upon his Decease celebrated his Memory in a fine Poem, and soon after follow'd him to the Grave. These two often communicated their Thoughts to each other, and as their Studies lay the same way, much to their mutual Satisfaction, and Improvement. For as the Mind takes no greater Pleasure than in a free and unreserv'd Discovery of its own Notions, so it can reap no greater Profit than in the Correction it meets with from the Judgment of a sincere Friend. This we make no doubt was as pleasant as any part of Mr. PHILIPS's Life, who had a Soul capable of relishing all the finest Enjoyments of sublime, virtuous, and elegant Spirits. I am sure Mr. SMITH in his Poem *, speaks of it as what most affected him, and pathetically complains for the Loss of it,

*Whom shall I find unbiass'd in Dispute,
Eager to learn, unwilling to confute?*

* To the Memory of Mr. Philips.

Mr. JOHN PHILLIPS.

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To whom the Labours of my Soul disclose

Reveal my Pleasure, or discharge my Woes?

Oh! in that Heav'nly Tenth for ever ends

The best of Sons, of Brothers, and of Friends.

It is to be deplored indeed that two Great Genius's, in whose Power it was to have obliged the World so much, should make so short a Stay in it, tho' had their Date been much longer, we can hardly say that Time would have added any Thing but Number to their Compositions. It was their Happiness to give us all their Pieces perfect in their kind, the Accuracy of their Judgment not suffering them to publish without the greatest Care and Correctness. For hasty Fruits, the common Product of every injudicious Fancy, seldom continue long, never come to Maturity, and are at best Food only for debauch'd and vitiated Palates. These Men thought, and consider'd before they sat down to write, and after they had written too, being ever the last Persons who were satisfied that they had perform'd well, and even then perhaps more in Compliment

to *The LIFE of* M

ment to the Opinion of others, than from the Conviction of their own Judgments.

But it is now time that we lead our Author from his University-Friend to some of a higher Rank, among whom he met with an Equal Applause and Admiration. The Reason of his coming to Town was the Persuasion of some Great Persons who engag'd him to write upon the Battle of *BLEINHEIM*, and how well their Expectations were answer'd, it will be more proper to mention, when we speak of his Works. 'Tis enough at present to observe that that POEM brought him into Favour and Esteem with Two * of the most Eminent Encouragers and Patrons of Letters that have appear'd in our Age; The one famous for his Political Knowledge and Universal Learning: The other distinguish'd for the different Talents of a Refin'd and Polite Genius, and an indefatigable Application to Business, join'd with an exquisite and successful Penetration in Affairs of the highest Concern.

* *Earl of Oxford, and the Earl of Bolingbroke.*

How.

Mr. JOHN PHILLIPS. II

do off, too T a fo shing2 shi shw 27e3at
to However tho' he was much respected
by these and other noble Patrons, yet from
the modest Distrust he entertain'd of him-
self, it was not without some Pain that he
enjoy'd their Company, and the Fear of
offending, oftentimes made him less studi-
ous of pleasing. Such was the humble
Opinion that he conceiv'd of his own good
Qualities, that it made them less conspicu-
ous to others; as if he was ashamed that
his Virtues were no greater, he chose ra-
ther to obscure those which he really had,
than to place them in that Ornamental Light
which they deserv'd. I speak this only
with respect to his Conversation with his
Superiours, who knowing his true Worth,
were more pleas'd with his Endeavours to
disguise it, than if he had set it off with all
the ostentatious Gaiety that Men of much
Wit, but little Humility, and good Breed-
ing, generally affect. As this decent Si-
lence did not prejudice the Great against
his Wit, so neither did his unsollicitous Ea-
siness in his Fortune at all hinder the Marks
of their Favour and Munificence. True
it is, that he never prais'd any one with a
sordid View, nor ever sacrific'd his Sincerity
to his Interest, having a Soul above enno-
bling the Vicious; and as he gave his Cha-
racters

acters with the Spirit of a Poet, He observed at the same time the Fidelity of an Historian. This indeed was a part which distinguish'd him as much from almost all other Poets as his manner of Writing did, he being one of those few who were equally averse to Flattery and Detraction. He never went out of the way for a Panegyrick, or forc'd his Invention to be subservient to his Gratitude; but interwove his Characters so well with the Thread of his Poetry, and adapted them so justly to the Merit of the Persons, that they all appear Natural, Beautiful, and of a piece with the Poem. If it be reckon'd difficult to praise well, for our Author not to err in such a Variety is much more so, and looks like the masterly Hand of a great Painter, who can draw all sorts of Beauties, and at the same time that he gives them their proper Charms, happily distinguishes them from each other. In short, to pursue the Metaphor, there is nothing Gaudy in his Colours, nothing stiff or affected in his Manner, and all the Lineaments are so exact, that an indifferent Eye may at first View discover who sat for the Picture.

From this general View of his Writings, I shall now pass on to particular, of which
it

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. 13

it is to be wish'd there were a larger as well as a better than the following Account. I have heard a Story of an Eminent Preacher, who out of an obstinate Modesty, could never be prevail'd upon to print but one Sermon, (the best perhaps that ever past the Press) to which the Publick gave the Title of Dr. CRADOCK'S WORKS. The same with much Justice may be given to the Poetical Compositions which our excellent *Author* has publish'd, and which may challenge that Name more deservedly, than all the mighty Volumes of profuse, and negligent Writers.

The first of these, was the *Splendid Shilling*, a Title as new and uncommon for a *Poem*, as his way of adorning it was, and which in the Opinion of one of the best and most unprejudic'd Judges of this Age, is the *finest Burlesque Poem in the British Language* *; nor was it only the finest of that kind in our Tongue, but handled in a manner quite different from what had been made use of by any Author of our own, or other Nations, the Sen-

* See, *The Tatler*, N^o. 250.

timents and Style being in this both new; whereas in those the Jest lies more in Allusions to the Thoughts and Fables of the Ancients, than in the Pomp of the Expression. The same Humour is continued thro' the whole, and not unnaturally diversified, as most Poems of that Nature have been before. Out of that variety of Circumstances, which his fruitful Invention must suggest to him on such a Subject, he has not chosen any but what are diverting to every Reader, and some, that none but his inimitable Dress could have made diverting to any. When we read it we are betray'd into a Pleasure that we could not expect, tho' at the same time the Sublimity of the Style, and Gravity of the Phrase, seem to chastise that Laughter which they provoke.

In her best Light the Comick Muse appears,

*When she, with borrow'd Pride, the Buskin (wears *.*

This was the first Piece that made him known to the World, and tho' printed

* See, Mr. Smith's Poem, before-mention'd.

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS: 15

from an incorrect Copy, gain'd him an universal Applause, and (as every thing new in its kind does) set many Imitators to work, yet none ever came up to the Humour and happy Turn of the Original. A Genuine Edition of it came out some Years after, for he was not so solicitous for Praise, as to hasten even that, which by the Earnest he receiv'd from the Publick, he might modestly assure himself would be a Procurer of it.

The next of his Poems was that entitled BLEINHEIM, wherein he shews that he could use the same sublime and nervous Style, as properly on a serious and Heroick Subject, as he had before done on one of a more light, and ludicrous Nature. We have said before at whose Request this was wrote, tho' he would willingly have declin'd that Undertaking, had not the powerful Incitement of his Friends prevail'd upon him to give up his Modesty to their Judgment. The *Exordium* of this Piece is a just Allusion to the Beginning of the *Æneid*, (if that be VIRGIL'S) and that of SPENCER'S *Fairie Queen*.

*From low and abject Themes the Grov'ling
 (Muse
 Now mounts Aerial, to sing of Arms
 Triumphant, and emblaze the Martial Acts
 Of Britain's Hero; —*

The Spirit is kept on the same to the End, the whole being full of noble Sentiments, and Majestick Numbers, equal to the Hero whom it extols, and not admitting of any Rival, except one * on the same Occasion. I cannot forbear mentioning one beautiful Imitation of VIRGIL in his Digression upon the Poetical *Elizium*; where the famous — *Tu Marcellus eris* — is so happily translated and applied, that it shows the Spirit of VIRGIL better than all the Labours of his Commentators: There speaking of the late Marquis of BLANDFORD, he says,
*Had thy presiding Star propitious shone,
 Shouldst CHURCHILL be!*

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The Addresses to his Patrons are very fine and artificial, the first just and proper, and the latter of *English* MEMMIUS, exactly apposite to him, to whom all the polite Part of Mankind agree in applying that of the *Roman*,

————— *Quem Tu Dea tempore in omni*

Omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus.

As to his CYDER, it is one (if not the only) finish'd Poem of that length extant in our Language, the Foundation of that Work was laid, and the first Book compos'd at *Oxford*; the second, for the most part in Town. He was determin'd to the Choice of that Subject, by the violent Passion he had, to do some Honour to his Native Country, and has therefore exerted all the Powers of Genius, and Art to make it compleat. It is founded upon the Model of VIRGIL's *Georgicks*, and comes the nearest of any other to that admirable Poem, which the Criticks prefer to the Divine *Aeneid*. Yet tho' it is easy to discern who was his Guide in that difficult way, we may observe that he comes after rather like a Pursuer than a Follower, not tracing him Step after Step, but
chu:

chusing those Paths in which he might easiest overtake him. All his Imitations are far from being servile, tho' sometimes very close, at other times he brings in a new Variety, and entertains us with Scenes more unexpected and pleasing perhaps than his Master's themselves were to those who first saw that Work. The Conduct and Management are Superiour to all other Copyers of that Original, and even the admir'd RAPIN is much below him, both in Design and Success, for the *Frenchman* either fills his *Gardens* with the idle Fables of Antiquity, or new Transformations of his own, and has in Contradiction to his own Rules of Criticism, injudiciously blended the serious and sublime Style of VIRGIL, with the elegant Turns of OVID in his *Metamorphosis*. Nor has the great Genius of Mr. COWLEY succeeded better in his Books of *Plants*, who besides the same Faults with the former, is continually varying his Numbers from one sort of Verse to another, and alluding to remote Hints of Medicinal Writers, which, tho' allow'd to be useful, are yet so numerous, that they flatten the Dignity of the Verse, and sink it from a *Poem* to a Treatise of *Physick*. It is not out of Envy to the Me-
rit

rit of these great Men (and who will ever be such in spite of Envy) that we take notice of these Mistakes, but only to shew the Judgment of him who follow'd them in avoiding to commit the same. Whatever Scenes he presents us with appear delicate and charming, the Philosophical touches Surprize, the Moral instruct, and the gay Descriptions transport the Reader. Sometimes he opens the Bowels of the Earth, at others, he paints its Surface; sometimes he dwells upon its lower Products and Fruits; at others, mounts to its higher and more stately Plantations, and then beautifies it with the innocent Pleasures of its Inhabitants. Here we are taught the Nature, and Variety of Soils, there the Difference of Vegetables, the Sports of a Rural, the Retirement of a contemplative Life, the working Genius of the Husband-man, the Industry of the Mechanick, contribute as much to diversify, as the due Praises of exalted Patriots, Heroes, and States-men, to raise, and enoble the Poetry. The Change of Seasons and their Distinctions introduc'd by the rising and setting of the Stars; the Effects of Heat, Cold, Showers, and Tempests, are in their several Places very Ornamental, and their

their Descriptions inferiour only to those
of VIRGIL.

It would be difficult as well as useless
to give particular Instances of his Imitati-
ons of the last mention'd Poet; Men of
Taste and Learning will themselves ob-
serve them with Pleasure, and it would
be to no purpose to quote them to the
illiterate; To the one it would be a sort
of an Affront, to the other but an insipid
Entertainment. MILTON we are in-
form'd could repeat the best part of
HOMER, and the Person of whom we
write could do the same of VIRGIL, and
by continually reading him fortunately e-
quall'd the Variety of his Numbers. This
alone ought to be a sufficient Answer to
those who wish this Poem had been wrote
in Rhyme, since then it must have lost
half its Beauties, it being impossible but
that the same undistinguishable Tenour
of Versification, and Returns of Close,
should make it very unharmonious to a
judicious and musical Ear. The best
Judges of our Nation have given their
Opinions against Rhyme, even they who
us'd it with the greatest Admiration and
Success, could not forbear condemning
the Practice. I am not ignorant to what

al-
 though some modern Writers have car-
 ried this Art, and adapted it to express
 the most sublime Ideas, yet this has been
 in much shorter Poems than the present,
 and I doubt not but the same Persons
 would have rejected it, were they to write
 upon the like Occasion. I shall not so far
 enter into the Dispute concerning the
 Preference of these different Manners of
 Writing, as to state and answer the Ob-
 jections on each side; It is true, Mr.
 DRYDEN thought that MILTON's Choice
 of Blank Verse proceeded from his Inabi-
 lity to Rhyme well, and as good a Reason
 might easily be given for his own Choice,
 it being certain, he had the perfect Art
 and Mystery of one, and could have
 been but second in the other.

However we leave this Question to be
 decided by those whose Studies and De-
 signs to excel in Poetry, may oblige them
 to a more exact Enquiry; for my part I
 think it no more a Disreputation to Mr.
 PHILLIPS, that he did not write in Rhyme,
 than it is to VIRGIL, that he has not com-
 posed Odes or Elegies. The Bent of our
 Genius is what we ought to pursue, and
 if we answer our Designs in that, it is
 sufficient. The Criticks would make a

Man laugh, to hear them gravely disputing from little Hints of those Authors, whether VIRGIL could not have writ bitter Satires, or HORACE a good Epick Poem.

But to return from this Digression to my Design, I would not have it thought that I presume to make a Criticism upon the Works of our Author, or those of others. These are only the Sentiments of one who is indifferent how they are receiv'd, if they have the good Fortune not to prejudice his Memory, for whose sake they were written. I shall add but one Remark more upon this Subject, which is the great Difficulty of making our *English* Names of Plants, Soils, Animals, and Instruments shine in Verse: there are hardly any of those which in the *Latin* Tongue are not in themselves beautiful and expressive, and very few in our own, which do not rather debase than exalt the Style. And yet I know not by what Art of the Poet, these Words, tho' in themselves mean and low, seem not to sink the Dignity of his Style, but become their Places as well as those of a better and more harmonious Sound.

I cannot leave the CYDER, without taking notice that the two Books are address'd to two Gentlemen, of whom it is enough to say that they were Mr. PHILIPS's Friends and Favourers, and whose Characters without the Help of a weaker Hand will be transmitted to Posterity. Nor must we omit that signal Honour which this Piece receiv'd after his Decease, in being translated into *Italian* by a Noble-man of FLORENCE, an Order which the great BOILEAU * was proud his *Art of Poetry* obtain'd, in a Language of much less Delicacy and Politeness. It may be some Pleasure to observe the Turn which Mr. SMITH † gives this Passage in the following Verses,

*See mighty COSMO's Counsellor and Friend,
By turns on COSMO, and the Bard attend;
Rich in the Coins and Busts of ancient Rome,
In him he brings a nobler Treasure home ;*

* Monsieur Boileau's *Art of Poetry* was translated into Portuguese by the Count de Ericeyra.

† See, Mr. Smith's Poem.

*In them he views her Gods, and Domes
 In him the Soul of Rome, and VIRGIL'S
 To him for Ease retires from Tolls of State,
 Not half so proud to Govern, as Translate.*

All that we have left more of this Poet, is a *Latin Ode*, inscrib'd to the Honourable HENRY ST. JOHN, Esq; the Style of which is pure and elegant, the Subject of a mixt Nature, resembling the sublime Spirit, and gay facetious Humour of HORACE. From this we may form a Judgment, that his Writings in that Language were not inferiour to those he has left us in our own; and as HORACE was one of his darling Authors, we need not question his Ability to excel in his way, as well as that of the admir'd VIRGIL.

By all the Enquiry I could make, I have not found that he ever wrote any thing more than what we have mentioned, nor indeed if there are any, am I very solicitous about them, being convinc'd that these are all which he finish'd

Mr. JOHN PHILLIPS. 25

nish'd, and it would be an Injury to his
Ashes to print any imperfect Sketches
which he never design'd for the Public.
It might perhaps please some to see the
first Essays of a great Genius, but consid-
ering how apt we are to impose upon
ourselves and others in Matters of that
kind, it is unsafe to hazard the Reputati-
on of the Writer for the Fancy of the
Reader. It is a silly Vanity that some
Men have delighted in of informing the
World how young they were when they
 compos'd some particular Pieces, if they
are not good 'tis no matter at what Age
they were wrote; and if they are, it is a
great Chance if they proceed, if they do
not write beneath themselves;

We have almost as little to say in re-
spect of our Author's farther Designs, on-
ly that we are assur'd by his Friends that
he intended to write a *Poem* upon the
Resurrection, and the *Day of Judgment*,
in which it is probable he would not only
have exceeded all other, but even his own
Performances. That Subject indeed was
only proper to be treated of in that solemn
Style which he makes use of, and by one
whose just Notions of Religion, and true
Spirit of Poetry, could have carried his
Reader

Reader without a wild Enthusiasm—
*—Extra flammantia Mania Mundi**. MIL-
 TON has given a few fine Touches upon the
 same, but still there remains an inexhau-
 stible Store of Materials to be drawn from
 the *Prophets*, the *Psalms*, and the other
Inspir'd Writers, which in his Poetical
 Dress might without the false Boasting of
 old Poets have endur'd to the Day that it
 describ'd. The meanest Soul, and the
 lowest Imagination cannot think of that
 time, and the Descriptions we meet with
 of it in *Holy Writ* without the greatest
 Emotion, and the deepest Impression,
 what then might we not expect from the
 believing Heart of a good Man, and the
 regulated Flights and Raptures of an ex-
 cellent Christian Poet? His *Friend* † seems
 to be of the same Opinion, and as he was
 a better Judge of the Scheme which he
 had laid down, and probably had seen the
 first Rudiments of his Design, we shall
 finish this Head, with his Verses on that
 Occasion;

Lucetius, lib. 1. † Mr. Smith, in his Poem.

Oh!

Mr. JOHN PHILLIPS. 27

Oh! had relenting Heav'n prolong'd his
 The tow'ring Bard had sung in nobler Lays,
 How the last Trumpet wake the lazy Dead,
 How Saints aloft the Cross triumphant
 Spread;
 How op'ning Heav'n's their happy Regions
 And yawning Gulphs with flaming Vents
 Geance glow,
 And Saints rejoice above, and Sinners howl
 Well might he sing the Day he could not fear,
 And paint the Glories he was sure to wear.
 Those who have had either any Know-
 ledge of his Person, or Relish of his Com-
 positions, will easily agree, in the Judg-
 ment here given, as the Generality of
 Men of Sense and Learning, have alrea-
 dy done in respect of those which he
 liv'd to publish. For my part I never
 heard but of one *, who took it in his

* Sir R. — d. B. — c.

Head to censure his Writings, and it is no great Compliment to his Judgment, that he has the Honour to stand alone in that Reflection. It were easy to retort upon him, were it not ungenerous to blast the Fruits of his latter Spring, by comparing them with the Crudities of his First. That ~~same~~ upon our Author, has with its other Brethren been dead long since, and I believe the World would have quite forgot that ever it had any Being, had not Mr. Smith taken care to inform us of it in a Work * of a more durable Nature.

However, tho' there is this one unjust Exception to his Writings, there is none to his Life, which was distinguish'd by a natural Goodness, a well grounded and unaffected Piety, an universal Charity, and a steady Adherence to his Principles. No one observ'd the natural and civil Duties of Life with a stricter Regard, whether those of a Son, a Friend, or a Member of a Society, and he had the Happiness to fill every one of these Parts without, even the Suspicion either of Undutifulness, Insincerity, or Disrespect.

* His Poem to the Memory of Mr. Phillips.

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS: 29

Thus he continued to the last, not owing his Virtues to the Happiness of his Constitution, but the Frame of his Mind, in so much that during a long and lingering Sickness, which is apt to ruffle the smoothest Temper, he never betray'd any Discontent or Uneasiness, the Integrity of his Heart still preserving the Cheerfulness of his Spirits; and if his Friends had measur'd their hopes of his Life, only by his Unconcern'dness in his Sickness, they could not but conclude, that either his Date would be much longer, or that he was at all times prepar'd for Death.

He had long been troubled with a lingering *Consumption*, attended with an *Asthma*, and the Summer before he died, by the Advice of his Physicians, remov'd to the *Bath*, where although he had the Assistance of the ablest of the Faculty (by whom he was generally lov'd) he only got some present Ease, and went from thence, but with small Hopes of a Recovery, and upon the Return of his Distempers he died at *Hereford* the 15th of *February* ensuing, *Ann.* 1708.

He was interr'd in the Cathedral Church of *Hereford*, and the following Inscription is upon his Grave-stone.

(30)

JOHANNIS PHILIPS

Obiit 15 die Feb. Anno } Dom. 1708.
} Ætat. suæ 32.

Cujus

*Ossa si requiras, hanc Urnam inspice,
Si Ingenium nescias, ipsius Opera consule,
Si Tumulum desideras, Templum ad Westmonasteriense,
Qualis quantusque Vir fuerit,
Dicat elegans illa & præclara;
Quæ Cenotaphium ibi decorat*

Inscriptio.

*Quàm interim erga Cognatos pius & officiosus,
Testetur hoc saxum*

*A MARIA PHILIPS Matre ipsius pientissimâ,
Dilecti Filii Memoria non sine Lachrymis dicatum.*

The Monument referr'd to at *Westminster*, in this Inscription, stands between those of CHAUCER and DRAYTON, and was Erected to his Memory by Sir SIMON HARCOURT, the Present Lord Keeper, an Honour so much the greater, as proceeding from One, who knows as well to distinguish Men, as excel them, and deals out the Marks of his Respect as impartially as the Awards of his Justice. The Epitaph was writ by Dr. FREIND, in a Spirit and Style peculiar to his Compositions.

Here

*Herefordia conduntur Ossa,
Hoc in Delubro statuitur Imago,
Britanniam omnem pervagatur Fama*

IOHANNIS PHILIPS:

Qui Viris bonis doctisq; juxta charus,

Immortale suum Ingenium,

Eruditione multiplici excultum,

Miro animi Candore,

Excimia morum simplicitate,

Honestavit.

Litterarum Amœnorum sitim,

Quam Wintoniæ Puer sentire cæperat,

Inter Ædis Christi Alumnos jugiter explevit,

In illo Musarum Domicilio

Præclaris Emulorum studiis excitatus,

Optimis scribendi Magistris semper intentus,

Carmina sermone Patrio composuit

Æ Græcis Latinisq; fontibus feliciter deducta,

Atticis Romanisq; auribus omnino digna,

Versuum quippe Harmoniam

Rhythmum didicerat.

(37)

*Antiquo illo, libero, Multiformi,
Ad res ipsas apto prorsus, & attemperato,
Non Numeris in eundem ferè orbem redeuntibus,
Non Clausularum similiter cadentium sono*

Metiri :

*Uni in hoc laudis genere, Miltono secundus,
Primoq; pæne Par.*

*Res seu Tenuēs, seu Grandes, seu Mediocres
Ornandas sumserat,*

Nusquam, non quod decuit,

Et videt, & assecutus est,

Egregius, quocunq; Stylum verteret,

Fandi author, & Modorum artifex.

Fas sit Huic,

Auso licet à tuâ Metrorum Lege discedere

O Poesis Anglicana Pater, atque Conditor CHAUCER

Alterum tibi latus claudere,

Vatum certe Cineres, tuos undiq; stipantium

Non dedecebit Chorum.

SIMON

SIMON HARCOURT *Miles,*

Viri bene de se, deque Literis meriti

Quoad viveret, Fautor,

Post Obitum pie memor,

Hoc illi Saxum poni voluit.

J. PHILIPS STEPHANI S. T. P. Archidi-
achoni *Salop*, Filius natus est *Bamptoniæ*

in Agro *Oxon.* Dec. 30. 1676.

Obiit *Herefordiæ*, Febr. 15. 1708.

Thus much we thought proper to speak of the *Life and Character* of Mr. PHILIPS, following Truth in every part, and endeavouring to make both Him, and his Writings an Example to others; or if that cannot be attain'd through our own Defect, at least to show that a *Good Poet* and a *Good Man* are not Names always Inconsistent.

ODE,

STIMON HANSCOURT

Vincent de la Chapelle

Quodlibet, Falso

Post Offizium die meinet.

Proc III. Section four col 1.

I. T. P. S. T. L. A. C.

achon 2409, *Ellis nana* off. 2409

in Agric. Jour. Dec. 30, 1876.

Opit. Haverhill, Sept. 12, 1880.

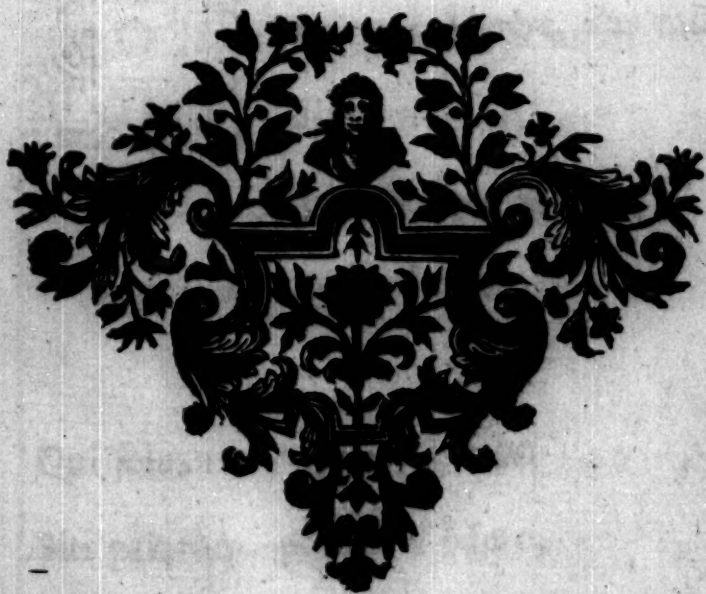
This much we thought proper to publish
 of the Life and Character of Mr. Phillips,
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 deavouring to make both him, and his
 Writings an Example to others; or if that
 cannot be attained through one or a Do-
 zen, at least to show that a Good Man and
 a Good Man are not Names always In-
 consistent.

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Henricum St. John, Armig.

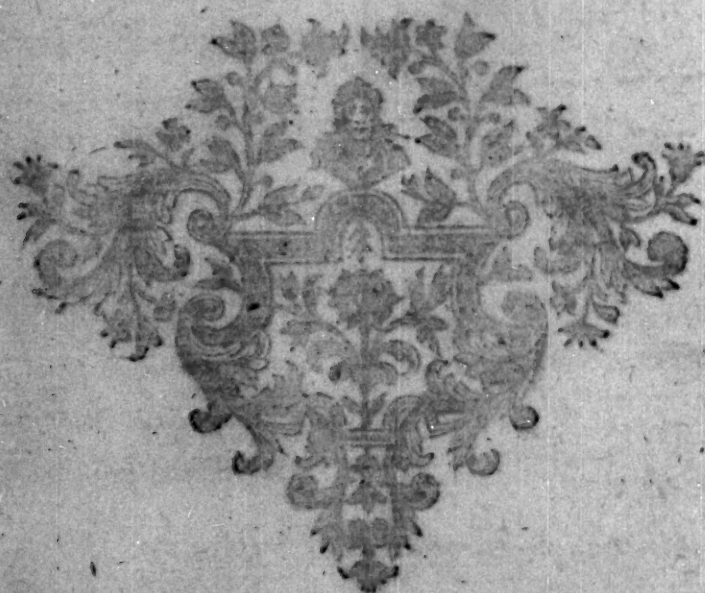


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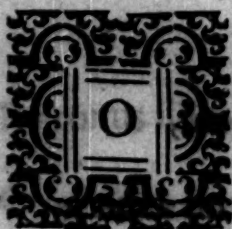


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Henricum St. John, Armig.



Qui recisæ finibus Indicis

Benignus Herbe, das mihi

divitem

Haurire succum, & suaveolentes

Sæpe Tubis iterare fumos :

Qui solus aeri respicis asperum

Siti palatum, proluis & Mero,

Dulcem elaborant cui saporem

Hesperii, prætiùmque, Soles:

Ecquid reponam muneris, omnium
Exors bonorum ? Prome reconditum;

Pimplæa, Carmen, desidésque
Ad numeros, age, tende chordas.

Ferri secundo mens avet impetu,
Quà Cygniformes per liquidum æthera,
Te, Diva, vim præbente, Vates
Explicuit Venusinus alas:

Solers modorum, seu Puerum trucem
Cum Matre flavâ, seu caneret Rosas
Et Vina, Cyrrhæis Hetruscum
Rite beans Equitem sub antris.

At

At non Lyzi vis generosior
Affluxit illi ; sæpe licet cadum
Jactet Falernum, sæpe Chia
Munera, lætiâmq; testa.

Patronus illi non fuit Artium
Celebriorum ; sed nec amantior,
Nec charus æquè. O ! quæ medullas
Lamma subit, tacitosque sensus

Pertentat, ut Tèque & Tuâ munera
Gratus recorder, Mercurialium
Princeps Virorum ! & ipse Musæ
Cultor, & usque colende Musis !

Sed

Sed me minantem grandia deficit

Receptus ægre spiritus, illa

Dum pulsat ima, ac Inquietum

Tussis agens sine more pectus,

Altè petito quassat anhelitu;

Funesta planè, ni mihi balsamum

Distillet in venas, Tuæque

Lenis opem ferat haustus Uvæ

Hanc fumo, parcis & Tibi poculis

Libo salutem; quin precor, Optima

Ut usque Conjux sospitetur,

Perpetuo recreans amore

Te

Te consulentem Militiæ super
 Rebus Togatum. Maeste! Tori decus
 Formosa cui *Francisca* cessit,
 Crine placens, niveoque Collo!

Quam Gratiarum cura decentium

O! O! labellis cui Venus infidet!

Tu forte felix; me *Maria*

Macerat (ah miserum!) videndo:

Maria, quæ me fidereo tuens

Obliqua vultu per medium jecur

Trajecit, atque excussit omnes

Protinus ex animo Puellas.

Hanc,

Hanc, ulla mentis spes mihi mutua

Utcunque desit, nocte, die vigil

Suspiro; nec jam Vina somnos

Nec revocant, tua Dona, Fumi.



FINIS.